

# SHAVINGS



FRANK RICHARDSON

24/9/66  
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# SHAVINGS







The Battle of Magersfontein was lost  
on  
Lords Cricket Ground



# SHAVINGS

BY

FRANK

RICHARDSON

AUTHOR OF

"THE KING'S COUNSEL," "SEMI-SOCIETY," "THE MAN WHO LOST  
HIS PAST," "THE BAYSWATER MIRACLE," "2835 MAYFAIR,"

"BUNKUM," "THE WORST MAN IN THE WORLD," "THE  
SECRET KINGDOM," "LOVE AND ALL ABOUT IT,"

"THE OTHER MAN'S WIFE," "MORE BUNKUM,"

"THERE AND BACK," "WHISKERS AND  
SODA "

BUT NOT

THE LETTERS OF

HARRIET

LONDON: EVELEIGH NASH

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TO

**RUDYARD KIPLING**

IN THE SINCERE HOPE THAT HE WILL  
NOT SUCCEED A. AUSTEN IN THE  
LAUREATESHIP (WHICH  
IS SO OBVIOUSLY  
SINKING)



# CONTENTS

	PAGE
PREFACE	9
SENTINEL	15
THE MYSTERY OF 18A — STREET	18
TRAFALGAR DAY	21
THE SERGEANT AND THE MAID	23
THE CRY OF THE PEOPLE	26
THE CHANGE OF THE YEAR	29
THE GARDEN OF ROSES	30
AN UNGRAMMATICAL BUT ELIZABETHAN POEM	32
A CRYPTIC POEM	33
A FINANCIAL GENIUS	34
VULGARITY	38
THE LOST CHART	39
THE UNFORTUNATE OYSTER	40
THE PERSEVERING PLAYWRIGHT	43
THE BALLAD OF BERKELEY SQUARE, OR THE NIGHT THAT LITTLE WILLY SAID HIS PIECE	47
AN IMPROVEMENT ON THE POPULAR RECITATION FROM WHICH WE HAVE ALL SUFFERED	51



	PAGE
THE PENALTY OF PUBLICITY	54
TO MAURICE FARKOA	56
A BRIGHT GIRL	58
LOVE'S HOLY GRAIL	60
MAINLY ABOUT SIN	62
A MARRIAGE HAS BEEN—POSTPONED	65
UNCLE JACK'S COLOUR SCHEME	67
THE DANCE OF DEAD SINGERS	69
TO GEORGE ROBERT SIMS (the Inventor of Tatcho)	72
TO ———	73
THE SONG OF IMPATIENCE (With apologies to Sir W. S. Gilbert)	74
THE ORCHID AND THE BUTTERFLY	76
QUEEN HANNARYS (A very early English Legende)	79
A BRIGHT BOY	85
SCOTCH SECTION	87

## PREFACE

**I** HAVE failed in many occupations.

I was, perhaps, the least successful of all the pupils of Sir Charles Mathews, who now so charmingly prosecutes the public.

I failed with conspicuous consistency at every branch of the Bar.

I was hopeless in the Committee Rooms of the House of Lords and equally versatile in those of the House of Commons.

In the Queen's Bench, I never won a verdict, even from the commonest of Common Juries.

At the Old Bailey, I gained the not unusual distinction of being severely reprimanded by Sir Henry Hawkins for general incompetence.

An alleged Comic Opera of mine was very rightly hissed off the stage at the Prince of Wales' Theatre.

As a Novelist, I have failed to secure the

circulation for my Works equal to the outputs of Mr. H. Caine or Miss M. Corelli.

I have invented one Hair Restorer and two Corn Cures, but I have not achieved the celebrity which Mr. George R. Sims, the Tatcho King, has so justly earned.

If one sets out to make a corner in failure, one should be consistent.

To be a successful poet is, for all practical purposes, to be a hideous failure as a man, and also, I believe, as a husband, which is much worse.

I am placing this volume on the market in order to prove that I am a failure as a poet.

However, I am not without hope.

I trust that this Work may establish my claim to success as a person of unsound mind, and that I may be included in the Dishonours List of 1912.

Most of these poems have appeared in various publications. I do not propose to lay myself open to an action for libel by stating definitely in which Journal any given poem has appeared,

but I may state vaguely that from the *Pall Mall Magazine* to the *Referee*, or *vice versâ*, there are few of our eminent editors who have not welcomed my productions in their pages or who have returned them with their compliments.\*

I divide my brain-products into three classes: Poems of War, Poems of Peace, and a Scotch Section.

Or, rather, I have not taken the trouble to do this myself, but the intelligent reader—perhaps I am right in assuming that I shall have only one reader, intelligent or otherwise—may be able to allocate them to their proper quarters.

With regard to the extremely beautiful poem entitled "Sentinel," I may say that it was originally written at Etretat during the Boer War as a burlesque of Rudyard Kipling, but, at the instance of a lady, who is a great authority on verse, I altered one or two lines, or

\* Nothing is more gratifying to a poet than to receive the compliments of an editor—even if unaccompanied by a cheque. When you get a cheque you never get compliments. The reverse, also, is the case.—F. R.

put in one or two h's, or cut out two or three "damns," I forget which, and sent it to the Editor of the *Daily Mail*, who welcomed it with enthusiasm. It was set to music by the late Garnet Wolsley Cox, and sung with complete failure at most of our Music-halls—a fact attributable to the mediocrity of the verse.

Without undue ostentation, I print beneath each poem the price which I obtained for it. I am not doing this out of bravado, so as to attract the attention of the financial genius who looks after "Form Four" in the neighbourhood of 4 Albemarle Street, but simply in order to keep other poets in embryo out of the business.

Another boon that I have conferred upon the public, which is not (as a rule) a judge of poetry, and will, in all probability, not appreciate my work until I am dead or knighted, is the fact that I have appended criticisms from eminent men, most of whom have now ceased to be my friends.

It would be an awful nuisance to posterity, when, desirous of forming an opinion of my



Muse,\* to have to dig up—say one hundred years hence—a file of the *Athenæum*, or the *Spectator*, or the *Saturday Review*, or the *Sporting Times*, to discover what our greatest critics thought of my verses.

I am extremely sorry that the bulk of these criticisms are unfavourable, but it is a great satisfaction to me to know that they are, at least, unbiassed.

\* I suppose that in the bad old days every poet had to hire his Pegasus from a livery stable.—F. R.



## SENTINEL

**S**ENTINEL set by the Northern Seas,  
Is our day so dark, and our Fate so fell,  
That the heart of Our Lady of Snows should  
freeze

To the Motherland, O Sentinel?

“Is it all in vain  
That amidst your slain  
Lie the sons of the White Lady?  
Since the veldt ran red  
With the blood we shed,  
Need ye ask this thing of me?”

Sentinel set by the Eastern Sea,  
What is the tale that the tribesmen tell  
Of the Brahmin's love and his loyalty  
To the English flag, O Sentinel?

“The icy breath  
Of the Lord of Death

Has breathed o'er the Eastern Sea ;  
But no heart was cold,  
In the farthest hold,  
Where the English flag flew free."

Sentinel set by the Southern Sea,  
What of the strife that you sought to quell,  
And the price in blood and chivalry ?  
What of the price, O Sentinel ?

" We have won this strife  
For the Empire's life,  
And the price we shall never know.  
(Could ye count the cost  
Had the fight been lost,  
And the English flag laid low ?)"

Sentinel set in the Western Isle,  
Where the sea-bred sons of the Saxon dwell,  
Have you told the tale of your rank and file—  
The tale of your dead, O Sentinel ?

" We have wept our dead  
With a heart of lead :

We have wept with a face of stone.

But the English race

Shall yield no place

Where the English flag has flown."

MR. LEWIS WALLER writes: "*I do not remember ever having recited this. Possibly, Acton Bond has done it. There is no truth in the rumour.—*  
*F. R.*"

*Finance: £2 2s. 0d. Profits from song, 18s. 3d.*



## THE MYSTERY OF 18 A — STREET

THE villain whom I here describe  
Must nameless be, although men  
Should offer me a princely bribe  
For stating his cognomen.

(I have a sense of what is fit  
And what is matter for a writ,  
And will not state,  
At any rate,  
His rank or his cognomen.)

And if I told his mother's name  
I fear that she might feel it,  
And she would surely visit blame  
On authors who reveal it.

(I deem a man a heartless knave  
Who'd drive a mother to her grave

By bringing shame  
On her fair name,  
And so I shan't reveal it.)

The date on which the crime took place  
Was midway through December.  
Should you inquire which year of Grace,  
I fear I can't remember.

(No man of ordinary mind  
Can keep his brain entirely lined  
With all the times  
Of all the crimes  
He chances to remember.)

The street in which the crime occurred  
Is stated in this heading,  
The town itself must be inferred  
As London—or—as Reading.

(I deem an author blandly base  
Who'd desecrate a harmless place ;  
A place in fact  
Within the Act,  
Like London, or like—Reading.)

The body of the murderee  
I can describe exactly.  
It measured four-foot-six by three  
When doubled up compactly.  
It may have been a British peer's,  
A Rural Dean's, a pamphleteer's.  
(I've never seen  
A Rural Dean  
When doubled up compactly.)

The motive for the grisly deed  
Is surely clear as noonday,  
And Scotland Yard is quite agreed  
To solve it next blue moon-day.  
(I think that it would be absurd  
For me to add another word  
To aid THE FORCE  
When they—of course—  
Will solve it next blue moon-day.)

SIR WILLIAM GILBERT *writes*: "*I am of opinion that this is a plagiarism of something which—thank God—I never wrote.*"  
*Finance*: 10s. 6d.

## TRAFALGAR DAY

*“The only record of the Armada in the Metropolis is the old anchor lying derelict on the pavement in Whitehall.”—Arnold White (“Vanoc” to those whom Mr. Geo. R. Sims so wittily describes as “Refereaders”).*

THERE is only a rusted anchor,  
There is only a broken chain  
To call to the mind of the Briton  
The galleons that sailed from Spain.

There is only a monstrous column,  
That is decked in a garish way  
To call to the eye of the Briton  
“To-day is Trafalgar Day.”

We argue the right of a Nelson  
To gaze with a sightless eye  
On the signal that flecked o’er the Baltic,  
Bidding his ship stand by.

We question the prudence of Douglas  
Who burnt with the "Royal Oak,"  
And a bagman would pause to utter  
The words that a Greenville spoke.

Had Nelson obeyed his order,  
Had Douglas rowed swiftly away,  
Could the Board School teach (spite of Green-  
ville's speech)  
"To-day is Trafalgar Day" ?

The symbol that hath no substance  
Shall speedily pass away :  
But our heroes teach with their silent speech  
"Each Day is Trafalgar Day."

SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM *writes*: "I  
*cannot be associated with this work in  
any way.*"

*Finance: Nil.*

*All papers have refused this poem, even  
though regularly sent in a week before  
Trafalgar Day for the last ten years.*



## THE SERGEANT AND THE MAID

**H**E was a Munster Fusilier.

She was a Boer maid

Of fourteen stone and forty years,

Yet he was not afraid.

She asked, "Are you the sergeant?" and

He answered, "Yus, indade."

"And are my brothers now in jail,

My brothers and my pa—

Because they broke from 'neath your yoke

And signalled from afar

To try and get at C. de Wet?"

"The Lord be praised, they are."

"And was it thou, oh man of blood,

Devoid of chivalry,

Who searched my farm with strong right arm

And stole my Mausers three?"  
The sergeant said, "Don't wake the dead.  
Begorrah! it was me."

And then the Boer maid began,  
In language strong and high,  
To curse and ban each Englishman,  
And state where you and I,  
And all we know on earth below,  
Will go to when we die.

The tears dropped from the sergeant's eyes,  
Adown his cheeks they crept;  
She told so well of the special Hell  
That Satan surely kept  
For sergeants that are sleek and fat,  
And so the sergeant wept.

She dwelt upon the curse of Cain,  
And other curses too;  
She used unpleasant adjectives—  
Too awful to be true;  
Her Billingsgate was up to date,  
And some was even new.

She swore in accents fierce and wild  
That reached to Heaven's dome.  
The sergeant heard his brawny wife  
Who shrieked across the foam ;  
He wept because the Boer's oaths  
Reminded him of HOME.

CHARLES FROHMAN *cables* :  
" *Do not need American  
rights.*"  
*Finance : Nil.*

## THE CRY OF THE PEOPLE

**B**Y lonely hill and hamlet,  
O'er wind-swept waste and fen,  
In lordly park and mansion,  
In homes of husbandmen,  
Where'er a Briton wanders,  
Where'er the people throng,  
The bitter cry is raised on high,  
"How long, O God, how long?"

How long shall anguished women  
Scan records of the slain?  
How long shall Southern stars look down  
On pallid lips of pain?  
How long shall little children  
In palace and in cot  
Await with anxious faces  
The step that cometh not?

Staunch is the heart of England,  
Though black has been her night,  
Yet never has she wavered  
In consciousness of Right.  
And never in her darkness  
Has the dread spectre, Fear,  
Bade her withhold, or young or old,  
The lives that she held dear.

We ask not that our treasure  
Be hoarded niggard-wise  
(The price in gold cannot be told  
Of any man who dies).  
Ye shall not shrink to ask us  
The price we needs must pay,  
So that ye end in honour  
The war ye wage to-day.

We ask that with grim purpose  
Ye fight the foreign foe  
(An English name when brought to shame  
Can lay no foeman low).

Now, therefore, lead us swiftly  
Along the path we tread  
In justice to the living,  
In justice to the dead.

PRESIDENT KRÜGER *wrote during the Boer War: "Do not interfere mit me." And I didn't. Still we muddled through.*  
*Finance: Nil.*



## THE CHANGE OF THE YEAR

THE west wind blew on the waving corn  
And all the world was fair.

'Twas then that my love for you was born  
And I breathed my love in your hair.

I breathed my love with the sun's caress,  
I drank your love like wine  
As you bound my heart with a golden tress  
And you swore that your love was mine.

The north wind blew on the dying trees  
And all the world was dead.

I sought my love by the stormy seas,  
But I knew that my love had fled.

She spurned my heart when the summer's  
breath

From the summer sky had sped  
And she pierced my heart with the winter's  
death.

Does she know that my heart is dead?

SIR GEORGE LEWIS *stated that this  
was clearly libellous—on her or on  
me—possibly on both.*  
*Finance: One Guinea.*

## THE GARDEN OF ROSES

**H**ERE in my garden of roses  
Roses are crimson and white ;  
Roses that breathe in their fragrance  
Incense of Earth's delight.

Fairer than all the flowers  
Twined round the hearts of men,  
Sleeps in my garden its mistress,  
My Lady Gwendolen.

Stark in my garden of roses  
That sigh with the summer's breath,  
Bearing his scythe for the harvest,  
Standeth the Reaper—Death.

His scythe shall reap no flowers  
Grown in the fields of men.  
The Reaper hath marked for his reaping  
My Lady Gwendolen.

Grief in my garden of roses  
Cometh to every rose ;  
They bury their heads in sorrow,  
Watching her blue eyes close ;  
Their leaves they scatter as tear-drops  
To hide from the gaze of men  
In a scented shroud of rose-leaves  
My Lady Gwendolen.

MR. CARTER (of *Seed Fame*) writes :  
“ *This would not advertise my business.*”

*Finance : Nil.*

*But I introduced it into a novel of mine called “ The Other Man’s Wife ” in 1908, and I should think that it brought me in—roughly—3d. and a lot of bad notices.*

AN UNGRAMMATICAL  
BUT ELIZABETHAN  
POEM

“**R**UDDY Rudolph (buccaneer)  
Feared no foe—not him!  
He killed his thousand foes a year  
And talked like ‘Tiny Tim.’”

MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH *wires*: “*I should like to play ‘Rudolph’—if you can make him ruddy enough.*”

MR. MOSTYN PIGGOTT *writes*: “*To me it is slosh.*”

*Finance*: 4d.

## A CRYPTIC POEM

SADLY o'er the seas  
The sunbeams rise :  
Fondly fans the breeze  
His drooping eyes.  
Dire will his doom be ; dread is his plight ;  
Soon he will go away,  
Out of the light of day  
Into the night.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ere to-day the sun  
Shall rise on high,  
The captive's course is run,  
And he must die.  
Death, the grim stranger, taps at his door ;  
There's no reprieve for him—  
We can but grieve for him.  
That and no more.

## A FINANCIAL GENIUS

ALL City men should sing the praise  
Of Master Archibald Bernays.  
(And City men would gladly know  
The reason why this should be so.)  
The facts are these. The lad's papa  
Was not—what *most* stockbrokers are—  
An honest man. And thus he came  
To grief—and would have come to shame,  
But for his son. Old man Bernays  
Had sold a bear of Brighton A's.  
When Berthas rose, to save his skin  
He bought 2000 Non-com Tin  
At par, which fell to 1/9  
(There being no tin in the mine).  
As though this wasn't bad enough,  
He dropped a thou in Main Reef Bluff.  
Sadly he sought his home that night,  
Ruined and in piteous plight.



So great, indeed, was his distress,  
He did not heed his son's caress.  
He gazed, unseeing, at the fire  
And seemed like one who might expire  
At any mo. "Alas!" he said,  
"If I can't raise five thou . . . I'm dead."  
Young Archie heard. Though only eight  
He did not get into a state.  
His beautiful blue eyes oped wide,  
When Daddy mentioned suicide.  
A lad of action, softly he  
From Daddy's pocket slipped a key  
Which he thought probably would fit  
The desk and therewith opened it.  
Then in less time than you'd suppose  
He wrote a cheque for "*Five 00's.*"

\* \* \* \* \*

And knowing well his father's ways,  
He signed it "Abercorn Bernays."  
A hansom standing on the rank  
Swiftly conveyed him to the Bank.  
Though after banking hours, he

Obtained admission easily  
(Bank managers, I always hold,  
Have hearts, as well as chests, of gold).  
"Please cash this cheque," our hero cried,  
"For Daddy threatens suicide."  
The manager in anger rose,  
"We never cash the cheques of those  
Who don't bank here. But in *this* case. . . ."  
The tears were rippling down his face,  
As counting out the notes he said:  
"I can't have death upon my head.  
I have a blue-eyed boy . . . like you  
And . . . once I had . . . a daddy . . . too."

\* \* \* \* \*

Home sped our hero, wild with glee,  
And flung the notes on Daddy's knee.  
But when the cabman claimed his fare,  
Daddy put on a vacant stare:  
"I never hired you," said he,  
"If you'd be paid, ask *him*, not *me*.  
You have no sort or kind of right  
To drive my child about at night"

\* \* \* \* \*

All City men should therefore praise  
The name of Archibald Bernays.  
But they should likewise treat with scorn  
His monstrous father, Abercorn.

MR. HORATIO CHOLMONDELEY *writes* :  
“ *I could not float this as a limited  
company.*”  
*Finance* : 15s. 0d.

## VULGARITY

ALL whisker men  
Are *far* too prone  
To think their whiskers are their own.  
And they would deem it  
Somewhat odd,  
To give the Glory unto \*.

SIR EDWARD CLARKE writes: "*There is no truth in the rumour.*"

LORD HARRINGTON writes: "*The suggestion is absurd.*"

SIR JAMES CRICHTON BROWNE lectures: "*On the utility of Mr. Frank Richardson's Anti - Whisker Campaign.*"

*Finance*: £21 0s. 0d.

\* Missing word.

## THE LOST CHART A SONNET

THE wheels of God are grinding on my soul,  
And sorrow sets her seal upon my brow.  
I know not whither I am bound, nor how  
To steer my course toward an unknown goal.  
For she, whose heart was my fair haven, stole  
The chart of life that should have shown my way  
Secure through darkest night or direst day,  
In spite of strident storm or shifting shoal.  
Now, purposeless, I rove a raging sea ;  
The sighing sob of sorrow fills my sail,  
While at the tiller stands a helmsman pale,  
Who steers my course and asks no word of me.  
But through the storm there breathes a soothing  
breath :  
"Thy course is nearly done ; thy haven Death."

THE LATE GEORGE MEREDITH, O.M., wrote in collaboration with MR. HENRY JAMES : " *It may well be that, perhaps, not—and—afterwards—who shall say ? . . . that, in a sense, one might possibly, or no—horrible as the phrase is—think otherwise or not at all.*"  
*Finance ; No Takers.*

## THE UNFORTUNATE OYSTER

A PRETTY little Mermaid  
With a flighty turn of mind,  
Used to flirt with all the fishes  
Of whatever shape or kind.  
From the Sturgeon to the Gudgeon,  
Every fish was in her net.  
But she left them all in dudgeon  
To royster  
With an Oyster,  
Whom she called her bearded pet.  
*She told rather risky stories  
To the Whitebait and John Dorys,  
And was ready for a lark  
With a Limpet or a Shark.  
But the little Native Oyster  
Was her pet—as yet.*

\* \* \* \* \*



But all the fish grew weary  
Of her rapid ways at last :  
And each and all declared she was  
A Mermaid with a past.  
So the Sturgeon and the Gudgeon  
(Who are slaves to etiquette)  
Forsook the maid in dudgeon.

    The lady,  
    Being shady,  
Had to seek another set.  
“ *We hear very horrid stories,*”  
Said the Whitebait and the Dorys,  
“ *Of this fishy lady who*  
*Seems so much attached to you.*  
*You're the greenest Native Oyster*  
*We have met—you bet !”*

\* \* \* \* \*

The fickle little Mermaid  
Admitted that she feared  
She couldn't love that Oyster  
Because he wore a beard.

So she parted from him gaily  
 With no symptom of regret :  
 And now she worships daily  
     A Viking  
     Who looks striking  
 In a beard as black as jet.  
*" I deny your horrid stories,"*  
*Sobs the Oyster to the Dorys.*  
*" And if all of them are true*  
*Still she's much too good for . . . you !*  
*I forgive her very freely, but I . . .*  
     *Can't forget . . . as yet."*

MR. MARSHALL HALL, K.C., M.P.,  
*writes : (Private) " If you are arrested*  
*with regard to this matter, no money*  
*would induce me to appear for your*  
*defence."*

*Finance : £3 15s. 0d. (including song*  
*and dance rights).*

MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER *writes : " I*  
*will dye my beard black in order to*  
*play the Viking—a fine part."*

## THE PERSEVERING PLAYWRIGHT

**H**E is a dramatist, whose name  
Will always be unknown to Fame,  
One of the very, very few  
Who are not mentioned in "Who's Who?"

He had, with quite consummate tact,  
Elaborated, act by act,  
With problems, sin and wholesome mirth,  
A play of great dramatic worth.

Upon a squalid murder he  
Had built a fane of chivalry,  
'Mid clash of steel and roar of guns,  
Relieved with admirable puns.

Each thinking man will surely say,  
"By Jove, I'd like to see that play!  
It seems too splendid to be true.  
But if it is, egad, I'll boo."

This author had a nervous dread  
His masterpiece would not be read  
By courteous managers who might  
With kindly condescension write :

"It pains me very much to say  
That your extremely brilliant play  
Is really far too good for me.  
Yours very truly, H. B. T."

Or yet again, "*This* play is bad,  
But send your next, and I'll be glad,  
Young man, to read it—by-and-by.  
Yours most sincerely, H. B. T."

"Dear Sir,—The play you write about  
Arrived when I was lunching out.  
Most of my secretaries say  
It will not suit (per pro.) GEORGE A."

"My dear old fellow, it appears  
That, though I've kept your play for years,  
I've lost it now. So you are free  
To send it elsewhere.—ARTHUR B."

Or "Wyndham's Theatre, Sir, I see  
Your play contains no part for ME.  
I've read it to the very end.  
But cannot find SIR CHARLES (his friend)."

"What did he do?" you brightly ask,  
"How did this man attempt the task  
Of getting managers to see  
The merits of his comedy?"

He merely fixed upon a day  
To hold an auction of his play,  
And asked ALL Managers to be  
Prepared to hear it—sharp at three,

And he who made the highest bid  
Should have the play. That's what he did  
(And that is quite the fairest way  
For managers to buy a play).

He ordered cake, and wine, and tea,  
Kops Ale, and other drinks; (for he  
Knew that the managerial brain  
Is sometimes fired by dry champagne).

He waited until half-past four,  
But only one man crossed his door,  
He heard the play, and he alone  
(His name was utterly unknown).

"I like your admirable prose,"  
The unknown said, "and I propose . . ."  
The author smiled; "We shall not fail,  
I trust, to bring about a sale."

"For moderate charges I'll purvey  
All 'notices' about your play.  
I have as clients J. M. B.  
And H. A. Jones, and Sydney G.

"You soon will rank with ARTHUR WING!!!  
So I will send you everything  
That in the papers there may be—  
I'm a PRESS CUTTING AGENCY."

MR. LOUIS N. PARKER *states* :  
*"I'm afraid I do not see my way to  
making either a play or a pageant  
out of this beautiful work."*  
*Finance* : £3 3s. 0d.



## THE BALLAD OF BERKELEY SQUARE, OR THE NIGHT THAT LITTLE WILLY\* SAID HIS PIECE

*This poem may be recited in public by anybody and at anybody without fee or license, but at his or her own risk. The use of a bullet-proof cuirass is, however, recommended. The poem may also be set to music—or it may not.*

THE night was gay with music and with song  
And fragrant blossoms filled the scented  
air.

Princes and Peeresses composed the throng  
That crowded eagerly to Berkeley Square.

Amidst the gaiety one heart was sad :  
Upon his dainty couch poor Willy lay.

\* "Little Willy" is the discourtesy title conferred on all moribund male children with a taste for recitation.—F. R.

No thought was given to the lonely lad  
By the bright throng that danced the night  
away.

Did Princes sooth the tiny troubled breast ?  
What Peeress gave a kindly thought to Will ?  
What did *he* matter to a single guest ?  
The only answer is—" *He mattered Nil.*"

Now this was Willy's Birthday and the Child  
Had learnt by heart a moral little piece  
Concerning scarlet sin and mercy mild  
And ending with a suitable Decease.

This piece it was his object to recite  
To Popper and his guests in Berkeley Square,  
That they might hate the Wrong and love the  
Right  
(For Popper was a wicked Millionaire).

Yes, Popper ground the faces of the Poor :  
He cornered bread and Beer and boots and gin.  
(No scheme so evil but this man was sure  
To have at least a million dollars in !)

When Popper heard of Willy's moral scheme  
The bad man packed him off to bed at sight  
And said that he would certainly not dream  
Of letting ANY CHILD OF HIS recite.

Till midnight struck poor Little Willy wept,  
Regretting he was Popper's son and heir.  
Then suddenly from out his bed he leapt,  
Intent upon reforming Berkeley Square.

Adown the stairs the white-clad William crept  
(A beauteous halo was his golden hair).  
It seemed as though an holy angel stepped  
Amidst the sinful crowd in Berkeley Square.

No, no. My eyes are dim. My soul is sad.  
I cannot tell of Popper's humbled pride,  
How powdered footmen soothed the Dying Child  
(Of course, you guess that Little Willy died).

I never knew a little Willy yet  
Who hasn't somehow prematurely died  
(To name boys "Willy" very soon will get  
Regarded almost as Infanticide).

Now Willy sleeps in undisturbed peace  
But why he died I cannot even guess  
(The coroner assigned the lad's decease  
To ultra-complicated Williness).

But Willy's death bore fruit in many ways,  
For Popper breathes a nobler, purer air :  
He only corners hymn-books nowadays,  
And there is far less sin in Berkeley Square.

MR. GEORGE R. SIMS is probably of  
opinion that :

*" Been out in the dust-cart often ?  
Aye, aye, sir, many a time,  
But, begging your honour's pardon,  
I don't see as 'ow it's a crime,"*

*is a superior poem both in the eyes of  
the celebrated Mrs. Bullyboy, and,  
also, of the extraordinarily interesting  
Miss Minty Lamb.*

*Finance : £2 2s. (perhaps by mistake).*

AN IMPROVEMENT ON  
THE POPULAR RECITA-  
TION FROM WHICH WE  
HAVE ALL SUFFERED

ARE you ready for your steeplechase, Lorraine,  
Lorraine, Lorèe?

*Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum,  
Baree.*

(Which may be clear enough to you: it's *ultra*  
Greek to me.)

You're booked to ride your Capping Race to-day  
at Coulterlee.

(I cannot find the blessed place in any "A B C.")  
You're booked to ride Vindictive with an infant  
on your knee,

With which, no doubt, you'll turn the scale at  
over twelve stone three,

*Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, and so on, E.T.C.*

\* \* \* \* \*

She clasped her new-born baby, poor Lorraine,  
Lorraine, Lorée,  
*Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum,*  
*Baree.*

(Which, perhaps, conveys a meaning to Lady  
Beerbohm Tree.)

"I cannot ride Vindictive with a baby on my  
knee.

He's killed a man in self-defence, and why should  
he kill me?

How *can* I ride a capping-race with *crèches* on my  
knee?"

Her husband was a callous brute, who didn't care  
a D,

But whispered in the eager ear of poor Lorraine  
Lorée,

"I've backed you for a thousand pounds, and  
you'll stand in with me."

"*Bar one, Bar one,*" the Bookies cried, "*Bar one,*  
*Bar two, Bar three!*"

\* \* \* \* \*

She mastered Young Vindictive! Oh the crafty  
matron she!!

And kept him straight, and won the race at 8 to  
3, S.P.

And then they warned her off the Turf of festive  
Coulterlee,

For it was but a dummy child she had upon her  
knee.

No wonder that no baby cried for "Flash"  
Lorraine Lorée.

In future the Lorées' address undoubtedly should  
be,

*Barnum, Barnum, Barnum, Barnum, Barnum, and  
eke Bailee.*

SIR HERBERT TREE writes: "Yes,  
yes. Perhaps in a sense. Schiller  
was the Shakespeare of Germany.  
Still, I am the only Beerbohm since  
Garrick."

*Finance: £1 1s.*



## THE PENALTY OF PUBLICITY

UPON a hoarding Sunny Jim  
Was looking just a little grim.  
(This hairless fellow could not laugh  
At the well-wooded photograph  
Of George R. Sims.)

“To have such wondrous agile limbs  
I’d gladly lose my hair,” sobbed Sims.  
“Can I not break dyspepsia’s thrall,  
And lightly leap a monstrous wall  
Like Sunny Jim?”

Then “Dagonet” went through a course  
Of young potato chips, called “Force.”  
Now he can shake an active leg.  
(But quite as bald as any egg  
Is Sunny Sims.)

While George R. Jim by "Tatcho's" aid  
An ultra-Esau man is made.  
Alas! he cannot leap a wall,  
And he is known to one and all  
As Tatcho Jim!

### MORAL

If you are one of Nature's Jims,  
Endowed with wondrous agile limbs,  
Why want to be  
Like Sims?  
And if your hair can grow with speed  
Of "Dagonet's," you do not need  
Activity  
Like Jim's.

MR. EVELEIGH NASH *writes*: "If  
*these poems get any worse, I shall*  
*not publish them after all.*"  
*Finance*: £1 1s.

## TO MAURICE FARKOA

ENGLISH maidens, I'm aware,  
Are the fairest of the fair.  
Who would hesitate to kiss  
Loyal lips of English miss  
If he'd study British bliss?  
Who would wish to pass them by?  
Not I, *parbleu*!—not I, not I.  
But otherwise  
I do despise  
That race of pigs, the Englishmen.

English brothers who appear  
Made of beef and bitter beer,  
When I kiss the English miss,  
Hit me on the eye like this.  
Oh, the coward, John Bull *filz*!  
I despise his mean attack,  
But I proceed to kick him back,

To show that I  
Can well defy  
That race of pigs, the Englishmen.

English fathers stand in awe  
Of a foreign son-in-law.  
So much so they do not dare  
To ask me to Grosvenor Square.  
Oh, the coward, John Bull *père* !  
That is why I always say,  
“*A bas* John Bull, and *conspuez* !”  
Perhaps I will  
Proceed to kill  
That race of pigs, the Englishmen.

SIR SQUIRE BANCROFT *writes*: “*I remember reading a somewhat worse poem at 6.25—a Tuesday I think—in 1887. Pinero was, I fancy, present. I do not propose taking any further risks.*”  
*Finance*: 10s. 6d.

## A BRIGHT GIRL

I TRUST that you have never met  
So bad a child as Violet.  
She always did as she was told,  
Though she was only twelve years old.  
Suppose you asked her if she could  
Play "In a Cottage by a Wood,"  
"The Maiden's Prayer," "The Turkish March,"  
She answered with a very arch  
And cultured smile, "Of course, I can,"  
Sat down and *instantly* began.  
If you suggested that she might—  
To please her mother's friends—recite,  
She offered you your choice of hymns,  
Of tragic tales by G. R. Sims,  
And many other things that you  
Would *not* expect a child to do.  
She imitated H. B. I.  
So well that bold, bad men would cry.

She imitated Weedon G.  
So well, one thought it Beerbohm T.  
And many other things she did,  
That made one yearn to kill the kid.

### MORAL.

Violet is engaged to marry a Nonconformist  
minister of no particular denomination.

DR. THE REV. SIR WILLIAM ROBERT-  
SON NICOLL *is said to have stated to*  
MR. CLEMENT KING SHORTER *that*  
*the child Violet had been unduly for-*  
*tunate in her later life.*

MR. SEYMOUR HICKS *writes: "My*  
*dear old man, I haven't time to*  
*write."*

*Finance: £1 1s.*

## LOVE'S HOLY GRAIL

THE sculptor's Art  
Of Phidias or Angelo  
Could not impart  
To marble white and cold as snow  
The charms that in my lady glow.

Whate'er his skill,  
Though Greuze or Watteau lend him grace,  
No painter will  
Depict the beauty of the face  
That makes my breast its resting place.

The poet's Muse  
A helpless hag would prove to be,  
Were he to choose  
As subject for his poesie  
The heart my lady gave to me.



Thou art the heart  
The purest souls have sought to gain  
In life and Art.  
Though purified by prayer and pain,  
To reach thy shrine the bravest fail.  
Ah me! Ah me!  
'Tis mine, 'tis mine to drain  
Love's Holy Grail.

MR. THOS. H. CAINE writes from  
*Greeba Cottage, Isle of Man (the only  
bond between England and Ireland)* :  
“ This reminds me of an early brain-  
product of my own or of my advance-  
agent W. Shakespeare. Certainly it  
could never have been written by Miss  
M. Corelli, whose works I have just  
perused for the first time, but for  
whom I prophesy some slight popu-  
larity after my—to me—regrettable—  
decease.”  
*Finance : A dishonoured cheque.*

## MAINLY ABOUT SIN

THE anguish caused by secret sin  
Will make the stoutest children thin ;  
For guilty knowledge of a crime  
Must wear away their frames in time.  
But when their sins have found them out,  
All children wax unduly stout ;  
Their secrets being shared with those  
Who love them, they grow adipose ;  
The awful fate of Peter Grain  
Will not, I trust, be told in vain.  
He was a lad who didn't care  
How much he sinned—or when—or where  
(And even those who loathed his style  
Admitted he was versatile).  
His grandmamma has sadly said,  
“ He'll even sin when he is dead.”  
(A lad must be extremely bad  
Who makes an ancestress feel sad.)

One day, he'd be as thin as thread  
From lies he'd told alone in bed.  
Next day he'd be as stout as you  
From shouting loudly at the Zoo.  
(Of course I have no sort of doubt  
That you, rich reader, *must* be stout.)  
Thus, Peter's clothes would never fit.  
When he had sinned the slightest bit  
In public, they were much too small,  
For he grew bulbous as a ball.  
But when he'd worked a secret sin,  
Then he, of course, was much too thin  
To fit his clothes.

\* \* \* \* \*

And so he wore  
His native nothingness—no more.

\* \* \* \* \*

Poor Peter now has crossed the bar,  
A victim to acute catarrh.

## MORAL

Whate'er your age, whate'er your size,  
When you begin  
To practise sin,  
I pray you, children, specialise.

PRES. ROOSE. cables: "*Bully! Was you? Ain't it? Give Geordie V. my comps. and congrats.*"

Finance: *There will be litigation about this poem.*

## A MARRIAGE HAS BEEN —POSTPONED

SIR Humphrey McQuisker desired to wed  
The Lady Victoria Fitz-baldèd  
Provided, of course, that he could get  
The consent and approval of William Gillett.

For what self-respecting bride would care  
For a wedding were W. G. not there?  
What is more, I doubt if the parson would let  
A couple be married without Gillett.

To Mister Gillett Humphrey said, said he  
On the 3rd of October, 1923,  
“May I venture to ask you a priceless boon?  
Just to fix a convenient date in June,

“To lead to the altar the Lady V.  
The date that suits you, *must* suit her and me.  
For the most elementary etiquette  
Demands your presence, dear Gillett!”

So Willy produced his engagement books,  
On which no common man ever looks.  
He stroked his beard, and put on his specs  
And turned with emotion to Volume X.

He looked and thought with a frown immense  
(While Sir Humphrey sat in acute suspense).  
Having hawed and hemmed, he then hemmed  
and hawed  
(Sir Humphrey was terribly overawed).

Then the great man spoke: and he said, "I fear  
That I haven't a minute in June that year,  
But I've got an hour in '28  
And I'm sure, dear Sir Humphrey, that you  
will wait."

MR. WILLIAM GILLETTE (*the eminent  
American actor*) cables: "*See here, I  
ain't on in this act.*"  
*Finance: About the usual.*

AUTHOR'S NOTE  
IMPORTANT

*It is not generally known that Mr.  
Gillett, F.R.G.S., also F.Z.S., was a  
Major in the Middlesex Yeomanry.*

## UNCLE JACK'S COLOUR SCHEME

AUGUSTUS had an Uncle Jack  
Whom he abused behind his back,  
But Uncle Jack was kind and mild  
And he adored the sinful child.  
Such uncles are a source of joy  
To any healthy English boy.  
Now Uncle Jack, it must be said,  
*Did* wear his whiskers much too red:  
Still, uncles have a perfect right  
To wear their whiskers black *or* white,  
*Or*—if they choose—to wear them red,  
A colour which looks neat in bed.  
But, yet, Augustus didn't seem  
To like his uncle's colour scheme,  
And called him "Carrots." That alone  
Would turn some uncles' hearts to stone.  
Again, he went beyond his rights  
And called Jack's whiskers "danger lights."



He also tied them up with crape  
 And natty bows of scarlet tape.  
 One day he broke the fire alarm,  
 Not meaning any sort of harm,  
 And when the firemen came in haste,  
 Said he, "There's little time to waste :  
 My uncle's whiskers are aflame"  
 (For which the lad was much to blame.  
 It was a wicked thing to do.  
 Besides, the statement was not true).  
 The firemen briskly plied the hose,  
 And in less time than you'd suppose  
 They'd soaked the house from roof to floor,  
 Till Jack ran out the tradesmen's door.

\* \* \* \* \*

When they had finished, it was found  
 The boy Augustus had been drowned.

### MORAL

If you have got an Uncle Jack  
 Proceed to dye his whiskers black.  
 If he prefers to keep them red,  
 Why, then you'll have to die instead.

*Old Man Homer turns in his many  
 graves.  
 But so long as he doesn't turn out  
 and compete with me, I don't mind.  
 Finance : Nuppence.*

## THE DANCE OF DEAD SINGERS

IN the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows  
“ *God give you grace, my merry men !* ”

Blood-stained banners deck her shrine ;  
The blood of the minstrels hath flowed like  
    wine,  
Mortals in form, but with soul divine,  
“ *What would ye have, my merry men ?* ”

In the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows,  
“ *What of these minstrels, my merry men ?* ”

Their songs they wrote when their blood was  
    hot !

Their limbs are cold and their songs forgot ;  
But the dead remember the dead, God wot !  
“ *Song is eternal, my merry men !* ”

In the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows  
“ *God give you grace, my merry men !* ”

We capered and pranced to a gruesome song,  
'Twas a ribald dance for a grisly throng,  
Writ by a hand that is cold full long.  
“ *Why cut ye these capers, my merry men ?* ”

From the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows  
“ *Who came to greet you, my merry men ?* ”

The souls of the dead with silent tread,  
With frenzied eyes and with grave-clothes  
spread,  
But they danced with limping limbs of lead,  
“ *Who were the dancers, my merry men ?* ”

From the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows  
“ *What of their dancers, my merry men ?* ”

They were the singers who sought to reach  
The beetling crag from the wave-kissed beach,  
Who sought to set into song man's speech.  
“ *Folly of Follies, my merry men !* ”  
Folly of Follies was their fond goal ;  
Folly of Follies had sapped each soul ;  
But sadly withal have they paid Death's toll.

*"What was their guerdon, my merry men?"*

Their guerdon was scorn and their wage is  
paid ;

Though their fame be nought and their frames  
decayed,

Yet their music forms many a serenade.

*"And ye dance to their music, my merry men?"*

We dance to the tune

Of each dead man's rune ;

And we dance on flesh-stripped limbs.

We laugh with glee,

To his threnody,

And we trip to the dead man's hymns.

\* \* \* \* \*

*"The Devil dance with you, my merry men!"*

*Swinburne was once good enough to  
confess to me (not without sorrow)  
that neither he nor R. L. Stevenson  
had ever written a poem like this.*

*Finance : The durned thing has not  
been returned yet, so I live in hopes.  
I will sell these hopes for 1s. 3d. cash.  
No stamps accepted.*

TO GEORGE ROBERT  
SIMS (THE INVENTOR  
OF TATCHO)

THERE'S many an unknown hero  
Who lies in a pauper's grave,

\* \* \* \* \*

And many a man wears whiskers  
Who *must* have the means to shave.

*The Inventor of Capsuloids writes :*  
*"Why do you always advertise*  
*Sims?"*

*Finance: This is a tribute to the*  
*English Edison. I could not accept*  
*payment—even at the hands of*  
*Professor Sims.*

TO —

**D**EAD is the laughter that shone in her eyes,  
Those dim sweet eyes that shall laugh no more.  
Shall she laugh again where her Spirit hies?  
Can she waft a smile from the Unknown Shore?  
And yet she smiled as she left me lone :  
And I love to think that her end was so ;  
For God has graven her smile in stone  
As she smiled in the days of the long ago.

*This is a matter between myself and  
the dead.*

*Finance : This is too sacred an affair  
for the Money Market.*

FRANK RICHARDSON.

## THE SONG OF IMPATIENCE

*(With apologies to Sir W. S. Gilbert)*

I CANNOT tell what this vote may be  
That cometh to all, but not to me.  
It cannot be worth a tinker's curse,  
Or why isn't woman's status worse?  
It cannot be useful to the State,  
For many a voter's celibate!  
Are not the voters a trifle lax  
In still permitting an income tax?

Though everywhere these votes I see  
A-coming to all but not to me,  
I cannot tell what these votes may be!  
For I am old and I am gray  
While youngsters sit voting, night and day—  
Think of the gulf 'twixt them and me,  
“He! He! He!”—and “She! She! She!”



If voting's a thorn, how stupid man !  
Why doesn't he chuck it while he can ?  
If a vote is a rose, how churlish he  
Not to hand over the vote to me !  
If his vote indicates his will,  
Oh, why does man vote so wondrous ill ?  
Oh, why does he favour D. L. G. ?  
Or, why does he plump for Winston C. ?  
Why can't he leave the show to ME ?

SIR WILLIAM GILBERT *writes :*  
*" I cannot accept your apology."*  
*Finance : £1 1s.*

## THE ORCHID AND THE BUTTERFLY

**I**N a garden filled with flowers  
Lived a butterfly so gay,  
There he passed his summer hours,  
Life a happy holiday !  
He would flirt till day was past,  
Then his pretty wings he'd fold,  
And he'd fall asleep at last  
On a daisy's heart of gold.

He held charming conversations  
With the pretty pink carnations ;  
And the mildest of flirtations  
With a pansy that he knew.  
If the lilies of the valley  
Seemed inclined to shilly-shally,  
He would flutter off and rally  
Round the pretty violets blue.

But his life was far too sunny  
    (For, alas! it's all too true,  
When we're surfeited with honey,  
    Then we sigh for something new).  
To the garden on a day  
    Came an orchid strangely dressed,  
So he fell in love straightway  
    (Butterflies are beasts at best).

Oh! the jealous perturbations  
Of the pouting pink carnations,  
Lest her flashy fascinations  
    Should their butterfly enthrall!  
One and all they were afraid he  
Might admire this scarlet lady,  
Gaudy as her past was shady,  
    Not a proper flower at all.

As this butterfly did hover  
    Round his queer exotic flame,  
Very proud to be her lover,  
    Slightly timid all the same,

This bright bloom, he sought to sip,  
Opened petals like a cup,  
Then she caught him in her grip,  
Butterfly was gobbled up.

Oh! the tearful lamentations  
Of the pallid pink carnations!  
Oh! the perfumed agitations!

“Butterfly was not to blame.  
He had never been perfidious,  
’Twas the orchid was insidious!”  
So they called the orchid hideous,  
By a horrid Latin name.

LIEUT.-COL. NEWNHAM-DAVIS, *the Gastronomer Royal*, enquires: “*With what sauce was the Butterfly gobbled up? I have not eaten butterflies, to any great extent, since the dear old Simla days. They are not really nutritious.*”

PAUL RUBENS writes: “*I decline to set this to music. I fancy you got somebody else to do it; and it wasn’t a great success—owing to the words.*”  
*Finance: £3 15s.*

## QUEEN HANNARYS: A VERY EARLY ENGLISH LEGENDE

THE King hath doffed his robe of State:

The King hath doffed his crown:

He hath put off his bauderyk,

And eke his samite gown.

He's rid him of his tunica

(With purple ribands twined,

And wrought about with golden trout),

Which was his proper pride.

The King is wroth with womanhood.

Toward the brood of Eve

He hath expressed himself in words

To make the pious grieve.

He hath maintained that womankind

Is but a subtle snare;

A crafty gin (with bait of sin)

To trap men unaware.

“I hate the ladies of my Court,  
Who speak with honeyed speech,  
With ghastly guile and subtle smile;  
I hate them all and each.  
Their early English wearies me,  
It's almost too, too early;  
Although at morn it may be borne,  
Ere night it makes me surly.”

The King will go a pilgrimage,  
Away! Away!! Away!!!  
But where he goes (e'en if he knows),  
The King declines to say.  
The Ladye Ermyntre is pale;  
Sweet Enid's heart's a-bleeding:  
With dull amaze the Ladye Blaise  
Regards the whole proceeding.

Long time he trod a measured gait:  
Anon his step waxed brisker  
As he approached an hostelrie  
Yclept The Purple Whisker.  
And there he found a beauteous maid,  
Who served him sack in plenty

(And if he drank one cup of sack,  
I warrant he drank twenty).

So fair was she, so sooth was he,

He had a mind to risk a

Prodigious kiss upon the lips

Of her who graced The Whisker.

“O blooming rose! what is thy name?

O fairest maiden, answer!”

The maid replied, with proper pride,

“My blooming nime is Hanne, Sir.”

“O blooming maid with blooming name!

I love that name, although men

May deem it hath a mystic sound:

Pray, what is thy cognomen?”

He cozened her with blandishments

That he had learned in Paris;

The maiden purred at each sweet word:

Quoth she, “My nime is 'Arris.”

“Hannarys hath a strange, sweet sound,”

He murmured bonâ fide;

“You're miking gime about my nime,”

She shouted; “I'm a lidy!”



"Thy speech is strange," quoth Ethelswyne,

"And cryptic to my thinking,

And yet I dote on each sweet note."

She answered, "You've been drinking."

"Yea, I have drunk thy sweet, sweet words,

Yet can I not distinguish

The tongue in which they are expressed:

Say, is it—is it—English?

Whate'er it be, O sweetest maid,

It's dulcet, aye, and novel,

So from this day thou shalt away

From this unholy hovel.

"And thou shalt live a life of love,

And thou shalt live at ease,

When thou art mine," quoth Ethelswyne.

She answered, "*Your* nime, please?"

"Oh! I am lord of all the earth,

The local king, in fine;

In fact, I may with justice say

I am thine Ethelswyne.

"Thou dost not use thy aspirates

Where these are chiefly found,

Where aspirates are never used  
Thy aspirates abound!  
E'en as I love thy purple speech,  
So will I make thee mine."  
His head she pressed on her sweet breast,  
And murmured, "Hethelswyne."

The King hath brought the maid to Court,  
And set her on his throne;  
And she hath speech with all and each  
(In language quite unknown).  
The Lady Ermyntude is pale:  
Sweet Enid hath a vapour  
At words the Queen hath strangely seen  
Befitting to escape her.

The Queen hath donned her robe of State:  
The Queen hath donned her crown:  
She wears a brand-new bauderyk,  
To match her samite gown.  
She dons the monarch's tunica  
(Which was his proper pride),  
While he, full limp in cloth o' gimp,  
Sits by his ladye's side.

“Tut! Tut!” she said to Ladye Blaise,  
“Thy speech is strange to me.”  
She then pooh-poohed sweet Ermyntrude,  
With much publicity.  
The Queen hath driven Enid forth,  
And Ermyntrude the fair.  
(The Ladye Blaise may go her ways,  
For all the Queen should care!)

She hath most formally decreed  
(To institute her reign)  
That all and each shall learn the speech  
And accents of Cockayne.  
Throughout the realm of Ethelswyne  
Her message sped its way,  
Till use of H’s smacked of laches  
Where’er her lord held sway.

MR. CHARLES GILL, K.C., writes :  
*“ I have been very well lately and  
have been able to read this. Do not  
send me any more poems till further  
notice.”*  
*Finance : £3 3s.*

## A BRIGHT BOY

I NEVER met an infant more  
Intelligent than Theodore.\*  
The day he reached the age of one,  
He made an admirable pun.  
When he was scarcely more than two,  
He gave up visiting the Zoo.  
“Wagner,” he said, when he was three,  
“Is far too sugary for *me*.  
In first-class music there should be  
No trace at all of melody.  
The greatest Fugues are those which are  
Suggestive of a motor car.”  
At four, he stated, “Mr. Caine  
Writes works one *cannot* read again.  
But Miss Corelli seems to me  
A literary Beerbohm Tree.”

\* This, of course, does not refer to the great  
American Lloyd George.—F. R.

(This product of his brilliant brain  
Is much too cryptic to explain.)  
Far more than any man alive  
He knew of radium—when five!  
At six, he knew, as well as you,  
*Exactly* what the Smart Set do!!  
At seven he was *in* that Set.  
At eight, this genius knew Gillett!! ! \*

\* \* \* \* \*

Some writers hold—now he is dead—  
That Theo died from swollen head.  
*I* think the cause from which he died  
Should be located in his “side.”  
The problem will be solved, no doubt,  
The moment that “T. P.” brings out  
His last great journal, *R.I.P.*,  
Whose special features are to be  
“Days of my Death ; or, How I Died.”  
And “Coffins : What takes place inside.”

\* For the benefit of any readers who do not  
happen to be in the Smart Set, Major Gillett is the  
greatest living authority on Dukes, their Duchesses  
and their Doings. He also invented a method of  
clearing houses.

## SCOTCH SECTION

*(After the manner of R. Burns, the admirable  
Scotch ploughman who degenerated into an in-  
different poet.)*

\* \* \* \*

IN fit there was na ony mair :  
Ye'll ken it noo for speirin'.

\* \* \* \*

Neavy, neavy nick nack :  
The hoose is fallin' on ma back.

\* \* \* \*

Ah weel ! Ah weel  
The Deil, the Deil !

\* \* \* \*

Said Hoot-awa to Bide-awee,  
"I think I'll lay me doon and dee";

Said Bide-awee to Hoot-awa,  
“The feckless callant that ye are.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Hoot toot. We're ganging oot.

\* \* \* \* \*

*To Dr.\* R. Bontine Cunninghame Graham (an  
impromptu poem on seeing him sitting in the back  
smoking-room of the Dorsetshire Club, Pall Mall).*

Oh Doctor, Doctor, what's the use  
Of always settin' ben the hoose?  
You micht as weel remain at hame,  
Ma Bonnie, Bonnie Doctor Graham.

\* All Scotsmen are born “Doctors” or have Discourtesy Doctorships thrust upon them. I have not dared to submit the Scotch Section to any of my Scotch friends; but a Welsh Jew of unsound mind spoke well of it.—F. R., (hon.) LL.D., Abergeldie.



OPINIONS OF THE  
PRESS



## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

"He is as full of witticisms and as irrepressible as ever."—*Times*.

"Mr. Frank Richardson is really very amusing."  
—*Daily Mail*.

"Mr. Frank Richardson writes with knowledge as well as wit—a somewhat rare combination in these days."—*Morning Post*.

"Intensely and legitimately comic."—*Spectator*.

"Witty and entertaining."—*Saturday Review*.

"Mr. Richardson has done for Bayswater what Kipling did for India."—*Referee*.

"Excruciatingly funny."—*Court Circular*.

"Undoubtedly amusing."—*Court Journal*.

"Genuinely witty, Mr. Frank Richardson is the satirist of the hour."—*Graphic*.

"Irresistibly amusing."—*Onlooker*.

"The Whisker King."—*Vanity Fair*.

"The first of the humourists of the modern English school."—*Free Lance*.

"Screamingly funny."—*Sheffield Telegraph*.

“One of the wittiest and most original writers that we have.”—*Black and White*.

“L’ineffable Frank Richardson.”—*Echo de Paris*.

“His enthusiasm in exposing the vices of Society has all the ardour of the eighteenth century satirist.”—*Literary World*.

“Mr. Frank Richardson is the greatest living authority on whiskers.”—*London Opinion*.

“A past master in working out ingenious situations.”—*Yorkshire Post*.

“Let him continue to be entertaining.”—*Academy*.

“Mr. Frank Richardson is one of the wittiest of our novelists.”—*Queen*.

“Possesses considerable wit, and no mean skill in the concoction of epigrams.”—*Glasgow Herald*.

“Mr. Frank Richardson is a humourist and an authority on whiskers. He also has the faculty for building an amazing plot. Irresistibly funny, he has a laugh for every moment of the way.”—*Daily Chronicle*.

“All those who prefer laughter-making books to any others—who does not?—if his confession be honest, will utter a loud ‘Eureka!’ over Mr. Frank Richardson.”—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

“Mr. Frank Richardson owes his fame to

whiskers (other people's) and wit (his own)."—*Bystander*.

"A magnate of the Jumblies."—*Evening Standard*.

"Whimsical, audacious, unconnected, and discursive, irresistibly amusing."—*Daily Express*.

"'Why so happy?' is a catch phrase which might find a neat reply in the words: 'I have been reading Frank Richardson's latest book.'"—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

"Frank Richardson is a master of extravaganza. No one can take up his books and skim his pages without being infected by the light, careless spirit which pervades them. Unless he is a dullard, the reader must laugh, and if his own wits are fairly bright he will enjoy to the full the author's neat epigrams, even if the audacity of some of the sayings is a little startling. What those who stickle for the proprieties think of Mr. Frank Richardson we can only guess. Probably a single chapter is sufficient to leave them gasping."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"He occasionally hits on some such happy perversion, or wears an air of affected triviality with so good a grace, as to recall the author of 'The Importance of being Earnest' and 'The Decay of Lying.'"—*Manchester Guardian*.

"Mr. Richardson has shown a fertility of wit

and epigram greater than belongs to any of his rivals."—*Weekly Sun*.

"It is good to know that only once more will this very humorous author make any reference to whiskers."—*World*.

"Intensely cynical and amusing."—*Pelican*.

"Scintillates with good things. Screamingly funny. He is wit and humourist, novelist and satirist combined."—*Birmingham Post*.

"A mine of merriment."—*Scotsman*.

"The wittiest of all Anglo-American authors."—*New York Dramatic Mirror*.

"The eminent whisker expert."—*Sunday Times*.

"Mr. Richardson positively refuses to allow you to enjoy a dull moment."—JAMES DOUGLAS in the *Star*.

"Mr. Richardson is a very clever man, a writer of real distinction."—C. K. S. in the *Sphere*.

"He is witty, incisive, clever, and entertaining."—*Westminster Gazette*.

"Some day Mr. Richardson will write a great novel." \*—*Observer*.

"He scintillates."—*New York Tribune*.

"Mr. Frank Richardson is an interesting figure in the literature of the hour."—*Outlook*.

"He is diabolically clever."—*Aberdeen Free Press*.

\* The writer is a false prophet.—F. R.

"A genuine humourist."—*Daily News*.

"No living writer knows better how to amuse than Mr. Frank Richardson."—*New York Herald*.

"Mr. Richardson is always witty."—*Lady's Field*.

"He has nerve."—*New York World*.

"The greatest humourist in England now is Mr. Frank Richardson."—*Glasgow News*.

"Le spirituel collecteur de favoris."—*Figaro*.

"Mr. Frank Whiskerson."—*Punch*.

"Brilliant and entertaining."—MAN OF KENT in the *British Weekly*.

"Flashes of brilliant satire perfect his fun."—*P.T.O.*

"He is a great man."—*Hearth and Home*.

"Mr. Richardson is the Dan Leno of literature."—*Ideas*.

"He is the new Oxford type of funny man."—*Evening News*.

"All good novel readers know the Richardson mixture, and those who have tried it once clamour for it eagerly ever afterwards."—*Northern Whig*.

"A shrewd and cynical wit."—*Yorkshire Daily Observer*.

"A second Conan Doyle."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"Beautiful and mysterious."—*Boston, Mass., Transcript*.



“Humorous all through.”—*Sporting Times*.

“Leaving aside the individual talent of Mr. Jacobs, these three authors are fair representatives of the English humour of to-day. Of the three, Mr. Frank Richardson is the most up to date.”—*Birmingham Post*.

“His wit is Parisian in its lightness, and he takes nothing seriously, not even himself.”—JAMES DOUGLAS in the *Glasgow Weekly Citizen*.

“The satirist of the hour.”—*New York Nation*.

“We like Mr. Frank Richardson’s candour.”—*Standard*.

“One of the wittiest men in London.”—*New York Evening News*.

“The Press of three kingdoms chants the praises of Mr. Frank Richardson.”—*The Sketch*.

“His books are to be heartily recommended to golfers, policemen, anti-vaccinators, salmon-roe anglers, aquarellists, players on the bassoon, pawn-brokers, plumbers, and vegetarians.”—*Glasgow Evening News*.

“Mr. Richardson was intended by nature to be a humourist of the first water.”—*Times of Natal*.

“Mr. Frank Richardson is the best kind of philanthropist, if philanthropy is, as we have always been brought up to believe, the art of ameliorating the sufferings of a sinful world.”—*Johannesburg Star*.





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